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THURSDAY, APRIL 7, 1904.

A United States Senator sentenced to six months' imprisonment in jail and to pay a fine of \$2,500! Can the Senate afford to ignore it, or even to pretend that there is no occasion for acting promptly?

The McColl Investigation Committee has finished taking testimony, and its report is expected before the close of the week. We have no means of knowing what the report will bring forth, but it is dollars to doughnuts that it will

We record today a Foraker "victory." In other words, the senior Senator from Ohio has succeeded in preventing the reappointment of a Mr. Zuercher as collector of customs in Sandusky, a reappointment specially desired by his colleague, Mr. Dick. The noble contest for patronage goes merrily on, and the dove of peace refuses to light on the banners of the Republican host in the Buckeye State. We can almost hear the Hon. John R. McLean smile a safely smile. He, at any rate, doesn't object, if Republican brethren decline to dwell in peace together.

A bill has been favorably reported to the Senate giving permission to the Hon. Herbert W. Bowen to accept a gold snuff box at the hands of the Shah of Persia. There can be no objection to the great representative of an untainted shirt-sleeve diplomacy accepting such a gift, provided he puts the snuff to good use. Suppose he were to make his "esteemed and affectionate friend" Castro sneeze a little bit more promptly than that ruffian does at present seem inclined to do. That would make it worth while for Congress to authorize the acceptance of such a gift.

Grover Cleveland's indorsement of Judge Parker has, as might have been expected, aroused the bitter resentment of the out-and-out Bryanites. He certainly has succeeded in stirring up a hornet's nest, and setting the party by the ears. His reference to the "foolish vagaries" of the past and his assertion that "the conservative element of the party will control at St. Louis" are not calculated to promote a spirit of harmony. Even the most enthusiastic supporters of Parker wish the "old man" had kept his mouth shut. But he hasn't. More's the pity, of course.

Commissioner Ware estimates that it will require \$1,500,000 to meet the age service pension claims which will be presented under the new regulation between the date when the order goes into effect and the close of the fiscal year ending June 30, 1904, a period of two and a half months. In other words, the new regulation is expected to involve an additional disbursement of \$7,200,000 a year. No wonder fifty-four Grand Army posts in the State of New York have passed resolutions thanking the President, the Secretary of the Interior, and the Commissioner of Pensions for "their generous sympathy as exemplified by their action in issuing the recent pension order." We would be grateful ourselves, if things came our way in this substantial fashion.

The statement made by President Joseph F. Smith on the subject of polygamy before the Seventy-fourth annual conference of the Mormon Church is explicit enough. He asserts that no plural marriages will be tolerated by the Mormon Church, and that those violating the law of the land in this regard will be excommunicated. He also declares with much emphasis that no plural marriages were entered into under the sanction of the church since the issue of the Woodruff manifesto in 1890. This is explicit enough, we say; but it won't satisfy the politicians. What the latter are after is to break the church's political power. That's the long and the short of it. And to accomplish it they are prepared to flood the country again with the filthy, nauseous, revolting testimony—most of it absolutely irrelevant—concerning the doings of a set of deluded idiots.

To show how dependent modern life has become upon conveniences which less than twenty years ago we were perfectly willing and able to do without, one has only to peruse the accounts this morning of a small fire which occurred yesterday in a downtown section of the subway in New York. The financial district was completely isolated from the outside world for the greater part of the day. It is estimated that fully eleven thousand telephones were suddenly disabled, including long distance and local lines, trunk cables and private wires. The Postal Telegraph Com-

pany and the Western Union had many of their main wires, to the Wall Street section severed, and the Gold and Stock Telegraph Company's ticker service was brought to a sudden stop. The monetary damage done by the flames was trifling by comparison with the losses caused indirectly by the sudden stopping of communication with the lower part of the city by telegraph and telephone.

The Army and the Y. M. C. A.

Under Proper Restrictions One May Aid the Other.
Secretary Taft has listened to the army officers, and hedged his concession to the Young Men's Christian Association with a compromise. He will allow workers from the association to use the buildings at army posts, but subject to the control of commanding officers. The officers have full authority to regulate the work of the association. With all respect to the association, this seems to us to be a wise provision. The conditions of army life are peculiar, and the men from West Point understand them best. If they are not competent to look after the best interests of their men they are not fit to be army officers. Their authority should not be superseded or supplemented by civilian organizations.

There can be no objection to such an organization doing what it can to increase the comfort and promote the religious development of the enlisted men, but there is a very serious objection to its assuming authority over them. The chaplain of the regiment, who is put in his place expressly to look after the spiritual welfare of the men, is subject to military regulations, and there is no possible reason for a civilian organization assuming authority, and securing privileges, which the chaplain has not.

Asiatic Hordes.

The Bugbear of Asiatic Domination Not to Be Taken Seriously.

Somebody holds up to the view of shuddering Anglo-Saxons the fact that the Tibetans who were victims of Colonel Younghusband's missionary efforts displayed remarkable courage, and solemnly asks if we have reflected on the danger which such an Asiatic horde would present if armed by the Japanese in a war of conquest.

Judging from the results in Tibet, there is very little danger in an Asiatic horde when confronted with machine guns; indeed, the slaughter on that particular occasion was so much like a pigeon-shooting match as to be almost devoid of excitement except for the victims. It is scarcely to be supposed that the "Asiatic hordes" of Tibet, Siberia, and Turkistan would make serious trouble in a war of invasion of any European country. They would have to assimilate the knowledge of at least five hundred centuries to be of use in a war against a country equipped with all the devices of modern warfare.

Moreover, the chance of Japan arming and drilling these wandering tribes into an army is about as remote as the establishment of an airship line to the other side of the moon. If anybody contemplates such a project it is Russia, whose facilities for the undertaking are exceedingly good; and if the plan be carried out for any purpose it will be for that of defense, not offense. It is within the bounds of possibility that Russia might gain control of Tibet, arm the inhabitants, shape them into a sort of guerrilla army, and use that country as a base of attack on India. Undoubtedly the apprehension of some such piece of strategy was at the bottom of Colonel Younghusband's ill-judged military missionary expedition. The idea probably was to arrive at such an understanding with the Tibetan government as to establish England, and not Russia, as the protector of Tibet, in some such position as Japan occupies toward Korea. But if the Japanese had sent a scouting party into Korea and killed three hundred people, wounded two hundred more, and taken two hundred prisoners, the chances of Japan using Korea as a safe base of operations would have been more than doubtful. We recommend to the future missionary expedition the touching precept doubtless taught now, as it erstwhile was, to all happy English children,

Speak gently; it is better far To rule by love than fear.
It is also more profitable and less bothersome; and we shall not be surprised if some signal proof of the truth of this simple little precept is vouchsafed to the authorities, whoever they are, who are trying to get the good will of Tibet by thinning out her population.

The Snow Question.

Superintendent of Street Cleaning vs. Engineer Commissioner.
This is not perhaps the appropriate time to discuss the removal of snow and ice from the payments of the city of Washington, inasmuch as the sun has done the neglected job for this winter, and no more snow can reasonably be expected to fall for six months; but whether appropriate or not, it is a good time to have the matter settled, so as not to have to settle it while the snow lies

in heaps awaiting removal. Anything is better than having to go about our business over sidewalks covered with snow and sloop and ice, while city officials wrangle over the question of who shall do the work, or impassioned advocates of a clean city undertake to convince Congress that we need money to remove the snow. The cleaning of the sidewalks is a sort of Ginx's Baby; we all like clean streets, but it is hard to find the person who will see that they are clean.

Superintendent Stutler says the duty of removing snow and ice from sidewalks neglected by the owners belongs to the Engineer Department; Colonel Biddle says it is the job of the Street Cleaning Department. If this dispute had occurred in January we should probably have had to put up with wet feet and bedraggled clothing until it was settled. Let both sides bring forth their arguments and fight it out now. In that way it will stand a chance of being settled by the time of the next blizzard.

The Illinois-Missouri Case.

A Slander Quickly Disposed of by Members of a Court-Martial.

With characteristic promptness Secretary Moody has investigated the luscious little story sent from Washington to influence the decision of the board of inquiry in the Illinois-Missouri case. Those who started the story, for reasons which they best know, evidently hoped that the country could be made to believe that the board was tampered with to shield the brother-in-law of the President. It made no difference, of course, that not one person in a thousand among those who read the story understood any of the technicalities of the case, while it may be supposed that the four members of the board did; the idea was that the country would swallow whole the statement that no brother-in-law of a President could be proved guilty of anything.

Secretary Moody has made public the very definite answers received from the four members of the board, to the effect that no such dispatches were received from the White House or anywhere else. If they had been illiterate men they might have said that they "didn't know nothing about no such thing now." The story and its sequence may be useful, however, in one way; it illustrates the flimsiness of the material which anti-administration politicians are forced to use.

The worst thing about the happiness of those two girls in the Statue of Liberty, is the spavined puns which have been made on the subject.

There are some good things about the "leave to print" privilege, undoubtedly, when by it the House is saved from listening to twenty-eight-page speeches from General Grosvenor.

Governor Vardaman's views on the negro may be somewhat violent, but he draws the line at permitting violations of the law.

Judge Parker's mother thinks that if her son is ever President it will be due to the fact that he was well-switched when young; which is a hint to boys with high ambitions that the candidate's is a hard road to travel.

We are now informed that the Greeks know shorthand. This accounts for the enormous amount of Greek conversation reported in history.

Mr. Hill manifests a natural disinclination to being regarded as the mere tail of the Parker kite.

Somebody calls attention to the fact that Japanese reports mention very few names. Perhaps they thought Russian names were all that the reader could stand at present. Considerate people, the Japanese.

The Oiktopas, of Africa, broke a British square the other day, and killed many British. Their pedigrees have not been ascertained, but it is understood that they are related to Fuzzy-Wuzzys.

The citizenship rights of American duchesses have been restored, which will doubtless arouse great indignation among those whom it does not concern.

If that earthquake up in Maine had happened to strike New York and London, the New York wits would not be so funny about it.

The late spring seems to have caused several Presidential boomlets to be backward about coming up.

THE WOMAN'S PART.

No matter, no matter! I yet will hold That woman's part in the infinite plan Is to add to the world of the human good That glorifies still the race of man. And this I know, and know it well, The best that I am, and the best that I know.

From my mother's lips in wisdom fell In the twilight shades of the long ago. Now, God help the man, for sore he needs Whom mother-wisdom and mother-love Have failed through the days of his youth to lead To the bright, white light all the mists above.

We then do stumble; we falter still; We dally with Sin when her robe seems fair. But stray as we may, or roam as we will, We never forget a mother's prayer.

And so I say, and I say it again, That ever some woman is in our best, And, thinking of her, men live again. The burden they dropped when it sorely pressed. What matter the foals of the woman kind Who barter their birthright for potage disdained? Somewhere is the one whom your soul enshrined.

To lure you and lead to the height attained. We dally with Sin when her robe seems fair. But stray as we may, or roam as we will, We never forget a mother's prayer.

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IN SOCIETY'S CIRCLE

Stalwart Grooms Lead Happy Brides to the Marriage Altar.

Weddings in Church and Home Crowd the Hours of Easter Season—Charity Projects and Social Chit-Chat of the Smart Set.

Thursday, April 14, is the day set for the marriage of Miss Eleanor Patterson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Patterson, to Count Joseph Gyzkycki, of Russia. The wedding will take place at the home of the bride's parents on Dupont Circle, and will be witnessed only by the members of the family and one or two friends of Count Gyzkycki. Mrs. Patterson and her daughter are still in New York, and will not return until tomorrow or next day, when details of the wedding will be made known. The Austrian ambassador and Baroness Hengelmüller will entertain a dinner party at the embassy Sunday evening, in honor of Count Gyzkycki and Miss Patterson.

Local society was given its happiest and best phase last evening, when in St. Margaret's Church, at 8 o'clock, Miss Sadie Britton, daughter of the late Alexander T. Britton, one of the most widely-known men of the District, was married to Mr. Joseph Nelson Thompson. The Rev. Herbert Scott Smith, rector, performed the ceremony before a large gathering of the friends of the families.

In contrast with the other two large weddings of the week when cavalry yellow was used, the scheme in floral decoration, as well as the maid's gowns, was carried out in pink. Pink sweet peas and azaleas, mingled with foliage about the altar, gave a particularly fresh touch to the altar, quite in keeping with the youthfulness of the bride. The bride gown was of white tulle, with a train, and a bouquet of white sweet peas and valley lilies completed the toilet.

Miss Florence Britton, the young sister of the bride, was maid of honor, and wore a gown of white, while the bridesmaids—Miss Margaret Sands, Miss Helen Hibbs, Miss Mary Droll, and Miss Raftery, all of this city, and Miss Florence Schuyler, of Philadelphia, and Miss Florence Hill, of Portsmouth, N. H.—were dressed in pink and carried pink sweet peas. The ushers were John C. Baldwin, John L. Edwards, S. P. Martin, Richard C. Brown, and Washington. Harry Harvey, of Baltimore, was best man.

Miss Britton, mother of the bride, entertained the bridal party and a few intimate friends at her residence after the wedding, and later Mr. and Mrs. Thompson left for a bridal trip of several weeks.

St. Patrick's Church was the scene of a pretty Easter wedding last evening, when Miss Margaret Barrick, of L Street, and James J. O'Brien, of Lexington, Ky., were married. The Rev. Dr. D. J. Stafford officiated. The wedding party entered the church to the strains of the "Bridal Chorus" from "Lohengrin."

Miss Della Barrick, the pretty young sister of the bride, was maid of honor, and carried a bouquet of white flowers. The groom, best man.

The bride was beautiful in a white lace gown, and carried a white bouquet of white roses. The groom wore a tuxedo, and carried a white boutonniere. The wedding party consisted of the bride, groom, bridesmaids, ushers, and best man.

Particulars of the marriage of Capt. Algernon Sartoris to Miss Germaine Cecile Noufflard, have reached Washington, and the friends of Mrs. Jellie Sartoris, and her father, the late General Grant, are discussing the affair with interest.

The civil ceremony of the marriage will take place April 25, and the religious ceremony will be performed at St. Honoré d'Eylan, in Paris. Capt. Sartoris, who is a member of the French Legion of Honor, will be the groom, and Miss Noufflard will be the bride. The wedding party will consist of the bride, groom, bridesmaids, ushers, and best man.

A pretty wedding at noon yesterday in St. Joseph's Church, Second and O Streets northeast, was that of Miss Eva M. Ryan, of Leesburg, Va., and Paul J. Dorr, of this city. The altar was decorated with white flowers, and the bride wore a white gown, and carried a white bouquet. The groom wore a tuxedo, and carried a white boutonniere. The wedding party consisted of the bride, groom, bridesmaids, ushers, and best man.

Mrs. Archibald Hopkins received her guests at the charity ball for the Hope of Incubates at the New Willard last night. Mrs. Hopkins is president of the board of lady managers, and was assisted by Mrs. Herbert Wadsworth, the vice president.

The ball was one of the prettiest of the season, and the sort given by the board, and while there was not a generous response of patronage as was expected, the ballrooms were comfortably filled, and from a financial standpoint, a success.

The Austrian ambassador and Baroness Hengelmüller have as their guest Colonel Swayne, of the British army, an old friend of the ambassador, and late arrival from London.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse W. Lee, of Capitol Hill, have issued cards announcing the marriage of their daughter, Anna H. Lee, to Mr. Levi Morrill, of Boston. The Rev. Dr. Devine, of St. Mark's Episcopal Church, performed the marriage service, which took place Monday evening at the home of the bride's parents.

Senator and Mrs. Dryden gave a dinner last night in honor of the British ambassador and Lady Durand. Their other guests were Secretary of the Navy

Moody, Secretary of the Interior and Mrs. Hitchcock, Senator and Mrs. Lodge, Senator and Mrs. Depew, General Crozier, Mr. and Mrs. Wayne MacVeach, Mrs. Cowley, Mrs. Slater, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas F. Walsh, and Colonel and Mrs. Kuser.

The French ambassador and Mme. Jusseland were the guests of honor at a dinner last night, when Mrs. Morgan Hill was hostess.

Senator Kean gave a theater party last night in honor of Miss Margaret Roosevelt and Miss Fish, who are his house guests. The party filled three boxes to witneses the performance of John Drew, and was afterward entertained at supper.

Miss Janet Fish, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John R. McLean and other friends in the city for some time, has returned to her home in New York.

Mrs. Joseph Nesbitt, of Pittsburg, arrived in Washington yesterday as the guest of her sister, Mrs. Webb, and will remain until after the marriage of Miss Elizabeth Hutchinson Webb and Dr. Mitchell, which occurs April 29.

One of the happiest social events of the Easter season took place last night at the home of James M. Dunn, in Fifth Street northwest, the occasion being a birthday surprise party given by the Misses Dunn to their father. Carl L. Mueller, on behalf of those assembled, presented Mr. Dunn with a very handsome set of imported steins, consisting of seven pieces, with tray. The presentation speech, which was delivered in German, was happily responded to by Mr. Dunn, in Gaelic. A musical and literary entertainment followed, after which a collation was served in the dining room. Prof. Hart's orchestra furnished the music for the dancing, which was indulged in until midnight.

Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. John A. Kiser, Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Mattingly, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Ireland, Mr. and Mrs. Carl L. Mueller, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Maxwell, M. P. Sullivan, Edward J. Shine, John M. Kline, Jr., M. B. Casey, William Martin, Richard C. Brown, Randolph Moreland, Prof. Hart, J. Koons, J. Blackwood, Miss Mary Droll, Miss Grace Hottel, Master Charles, and Misses Mamie and Maggie Dunn.

Miss Shelby Converse, the third daughter of Rear Admiral and Mrs. Converse, was presented to Washington society at a large tea yesterday afternoon at the residence of her parents. Miss Converse is the first bud of spring to be presented, and has just returned from Italy, where she completed her education. She will be a charming addition to social ranks. The debutante wore a simple white gown yesterday and carried pink roses. The parlors were decorated in white with spring blossoms and green. Among the three hundred guests were a number of prominent diplomats and army and navy people.

F. Gordon Patterson, whose engagement to Miss Helen Long, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Long, Brookline, Mass., was announced a short time ago, has returned to Washington from a visit to his fiancée.

Mrs. Stanley Mathews is among the dinner hosts of the evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Edson Bradley will also be hosts at a dinner tonight.

The Periodical Publishers' Association will give a dinner at the New Willard this evening, when a number of their most prominent contributors will be among the guests.

Mrs. Isham H. Hornsby entertained a party at luncheon today at her residence, 1715 L Street.

Fashionable Charities

Take on Unique Phases

Fashionable charities take on enough unique phases to have them welcome notices of life at the Capital each spring, and the season of the flower afternoons, from 3 to 5 o'clock, is no exception to the rule. The tea is for the benefit of St. Matthew's Church, and Mrs. White and Mrs. McKenna, of the premiere court circle, Mrs. Depew and Mrs. H. C. Perkins, and Mrs. George Howard and Mrs. J. O'Donnell will conduct an opening of spring millinery. They have gotten some exceedingly smart and dainty hats from New York for women and children, and are catering to popular prices.

Mme. Jusseland, wife of the French ambassador, will be in the flower booth, and will be assisted by Baroness Hengelmüller, wife of the Austrian ambassador, and Mrs. Smith will sell lemonade; Mrs. Barbour, Miss Riggs, and Mrs. Montgomery will sell cakes; Mrs. H. C. Perkins, and Mrs. J. O'Donnell will sell fancy articles, and Countess d'Cellere, Mrs. Sandoz, Mrs. H. C. Perkins, and Mrs. Theodore Mosher will sell lace. Dinner will be served in the banquet hall at 6 o'clock, and some of the young ladies who will serve the menu are: Miss Durand, Countess Cassini, the Misses McKenna, the Misses Oliver, Miss Alice Gordon, Parker, the Misses Bradford, the Misses Perkins, Miss Hottel, Miss J. O'Donnell, and Miss Poor. Most of the girls will wear traditional costumes, colonial fashions, South American types, and Italian and French waifness will serve the substantial of life.

Arrangements for the Russian bazaar are assuming quite pronounced shape in the last day or so, and April 26 seems not only a date for its opening day.

Miss Louisa Van Dyke Jones, who left Washington with her uncle and aunt, Master George and Mrs. Payne, for a few days, will return here, and has promised to be postmistress at the bazaar.

Mme. Boutakoff, wife of the Russian naval attaché, will assist Mme. Jusseland in the French booth, and there will be lace, silver, and lots of old little ornaments for personal and home decoration imported from St. Petersburg. Mrs. Herbert Wadsworth will design and superintend the buildings. Mr. Gutowsky will run a soda water counting meal. In the amusement tent the young ladies of Mme. de Melser, Miss Hottel, and Lord van Kreuter will give a Russian dance in native costume. Mrs. Barney will supervise this feature of the show, which promises its success.

Countess Cassini has even succeeded in interesting her musical instructor, Prof. de la Penne, of the Conservatory, Baltimore, and, dressed as a chef, he will serve macaroni and risotto. An orchestra of thirty musicians will come from New York to furnish the music.

THE EVENING STORY

A RAILROAD INCIDENT.

By JOHN H. PAINE.

"Be all that's holy," muttered Connor, the section foreman, as he shook the rain from his sou'wester. "It's a terrible bad night! Alsy, McCann, is that you?" he inquired, as a figure emerged from the outer darkness and joined him beneath the shelter of the station platform.

"Aye, it's me," the newcomer replied in a very warm tone. "I'm come to better for your askin', Mister Connor. It's not like I'd be furtigittin' so soon that it's you as got me slated for this midnight perambulating. Shure, ain't there plenty of single lads ye could have picked out without making a dacent married man stay out all night track-walkin'?"

"Well, of all the ongratefulest mortals I've seen in my borned days, you're the worst!" his superior retorted, turning on McCann two eyes that flashed angrily beneath the uncertain flicker of the station lantern. "Here I lay awake nights, plottin' an' plannin' for to help ye along, an' all because the sun don't shine in the night an' the rain wets your delicate little brogans, you forget all about the money you'll be after makin' when the twelve twenty comes in."

"Oh, but ain't I the furtigittin' sinner?" McCann interposed apologetically, his whole manner undergoing a complete change. "Shure, Mister Connor, I might have known you'd have an eye on a friend. I'd clane forgot they don't kape a night porter at this place."

As if to bear out the foreman's promise of a golden harvest, the Western engine, with its headlights on, came into the point, and the two trackmen were speedily engaged in attending to the wants

of the passengers. Five minutes later, Connor and McCann were seated on a baggage truck counting up, when their monotonous chant of "foive, tin, fiftene, twenty," was interrupted by the sudden apparition of a man in traveling costume. For a second he gazed at the empty tracks in dismay, and then, as he caught sight of the tail lights of the limited disappearing in the distance, he gasped, "My God, I've missed it!"

For an instant the two railroad men stared at the stranger, too started by the suddenness of his appearance to say a word. They were soon aroused from their stupefaction, however, for with a sudden rush he seized Connor by his coat, and dragging him from the truck, cried:

"Tell me how quick I can stop that train!"

"Stop the limited?" the foreman retorted, trying to free himself from the other's grasp. "Vhy, man, you must be crazy. You couldn't stop the limited if—"

"I'm not crazy, and I will have it stopped," the passenger put in before the other could finish. "You don't understand," he continued. "I got off for a breath of fresh air and to stretch my legs. I knew they changed engines here, but they switched the train, and I lost it. My wife is on board that train and all alone. I'm taking her West to try and save her life. If she catches cold, I'll pay any amount in reason to catch that train!" He pulled a fat roll of bills from his pocket.

"Mister Connor," McCann here put in, "couldn't the trouble be the gentleman in, maybe we'd better bring down the super. Perhaps he'd sid out a special."

"A special engine that's it!" the man cried, grasping at the hope contained in Connor's suggestion. "Hurry, man!" he added. "Don't stop for that—McCann struggled with his rain coat. At the end of a short twenty minutes, McCann returned with the division superintendent, who approached the stranger and said abruptly:

"I'm told you want to be put on board the limited. Have you any idea what it will cost?"

"I don't care what it costs," the other retorted. "It isn't a question of money. I'll pay cash."

"That's right," the superintendent replied. "I've already called out an engine. This sort of thing isn't done every day, but I'll trust to luck. McCann, you'll have to come along and help stoke. She'll gobble coal on the run up the mountain."

Almost before the superintendent had finished speaking, No. 64, a new express locomotive fresh from bringing in the eastbound limited, glided up to the platform under the hand of Jim Courtwright, one of the most experienced runners on the road. Delaying only long enough to hand Connor some directions as to the right of way, to be forwarded from the nearest semaphore tower, the superintendent ushered the others into the cab of the locomotive, waved his hand to go ahead, and swung himself aboard as the engine started on its race against time.

"Do you think we can make it, Jim?" the superintendent cried, his mouth close to the ear of the engineer.

"It's an even thing, sir," said Courtwright. "They've a forty mile start, and night running without orders is ticklish business. Lord only knows how many freights they've let in ahead of us. We'll make the old lady walk, though."

Through towns and villages the locomotive rushed, stopping only once to allow McCann to drop another set of running orders at a switch tower on the next division. Once, as they followed the line around the mountain, the super-

intendent's heart almost stopped beating as he saw on the track ahead what appeared to be the headlight of another locomotive. Instinctively he sprang to Courtwright's side, and laid his hand on the reversing lever. Only the engineer's shout of "Drop that, sir!" prevented him from reversing the engine, which at the speed they were then going would have meant almost certain destruction. When he again mustered courage to look out, the headlight had disappeared, and Courtwright rallied at him for being frightened at what any old engineer would have known was the shine of their own headlight in a pool of water.

As the dawn was tinting the horizon, No. 64 drew up with the heavy pant of a tired race horse, not fifty feet from the limited in the junction station. Before the locomotive had fairly come to a stop, a man without a hat, his face black with coal dust, and with a small bag hung over one shoulder, tore down the platform in time to board the last car as the limited pulled out.

Upon seeing their task accomplished, the superintendent, who was a young man with all his youthful enthusiasms thick upon him, danced an impromptu breakdown on the floor of the tender.

"Well, Jim," he said, grasping Courtwright's hand, "I guess we'll stand next with the manager all right. This blooming road isn't so rich but what it can stand a little windfall of five hundred dollars, and that's what that ride cost our friend there," pointing in the direction in which the train had vanished.

Before the engineer could make any reply the stationmaster came up at a



For an instant the two railroad men stared at the stranger.

run to know what they meant by bringing an engine into the station without orders. Slowly and with a somewhat patronizing air, the superintendent, who had no authority beyond his own division, descended from the cab, and, putting the indignant official on the back, said:

"You're all right, old man, only you don't understand. I've just earned the road five hundred dollars by putting a passenger on 'he limited.'"

"What?" the other inquired. "Put a passenger on the limited? Where did you pick him up?"

"At Cooksville. He said that he'd left his wife sick on the train while he got off for a walk."

"Well, of course, if you say it's all right, sir, I suppose it is," the stationmaster replied, somewhat doubtfully, as he turned away. "Still, it's something that never happened since I've been here, and I don't know what they'll say up there"—pointing to the general offices.

Next evening, when McCann reported to his foreman, he said:

"Mister Connor, did you hear how we come out on 'that run last night'?"

"Faith an' I did not," the other answered. "I thought ye might be by way of having a bit of a tip for me out of it."

"Oh, don't spake of that," McCann said, sadly. "Shure, we're lucky to have our jobs. That fella that he was all sympathizin' wid, thinkin' he was I don't know what all, was the cashier of the Mayview bank. They imported him as a guest at the bazaar, and he stole everything in sight. He got on to the fact that the directors were examining his books, so he shaved his whiskers for a disguise, and drove forty miles across country to catch the limited."

"Godly mother of Moses!" exclaimed the foreman again. "What became of the super at headquarters?"

"Well," the other answered, "it seems that the general manager had been kicking for wakes because the limited didn't make better time. He was so placed at the way his statements was laid up by the way, that it had forty minutes' start that he let the super off with a tongue lashing, and promoted Courtwright to take charge of the express. They telegraphed after the thief, but he had too big a start, and I guess he's safe away by this time."

Secretary's Green Tie.

Waldo Hibbs, private secretary to District Commissioner Macfarland, has been made the target of many questions and gibing remarks for the past two or three days. Every time he appears in any of the corridors of the District Building, some acquaintance of his runs up, grasps him by the arm, and says: "Why do you wear a green tie with yellow dots in it?" This tie is "a beautiful creation," resplendently green with a storm of yellow dots rioting across it. When spread across Mr. Hibbs' chest, it presents an appearance that is at once attractive and humiliating, calling forth an admiration that is always expressed in hearty tones by the secretary's friends. Mr. Hibbs, who is known as the man with the green tie, has appeared with this bright ornament about his neck three days in succession, and he fails to comprehend why it should be the cause of so much jesting remark.</